

LUCIAN'S CHARON:

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SURVEY

OF THE

FOLLIES OF MANKIND.

Translated from the Greek.

With Notes, and

A Prefatory Dialogue in Vindication of

TRANSLATIONS.

— Nil dulcius est, bene quam munus tenera
Edita Doctrina Sapientum Tempia serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimq; videre
Errare, atq; viam palantes quærere Vita.

Lucret.

L O N D O N :

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THE
OFFICE OF
SOLICITOR
GENERAL
OF THE
CROWN

With
a
Dedication
to
His
Majesty
George
Fourth

BY
JAMES
WILSON

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THE PREFACE.

Eumenes. Philenor.

Eum. **T**HE Mountain was Big,
and it hath brought forth
a Mouse! We expected from your
Leisure and Study some Heroick Poem,
or some Curious piece of Philology, or
at least some Ingenious Essaies or Dia-
logues of your own, and now to be put
off with a poor sorry Translation! I
don't know what you may think on't,
but I'm sure your Friends have rea-
son enough to be angry with you.

Phil. For what? Pray. Did I ever
make 'em any Promise, or give 'em
any Encouragement to hope for such
great matters from me? Suppose you
thought I had been writing an exact
Geography of the Moon, or the An-
nals of the World before the Flood,
was

was I therefore bound to satisfy your groundless Expectations? But pray why are you so offended with Translations, especially seeing they are so much in Fashion in this Age?

Eum. 'Tis true indeed so they are, but little for the Credit of the Age be it spoken, since that which was a Censure upon the Last, seems to have been also a Prognostick of the Talents and Studies of This Generation:

*Such is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That only those that cannot Write Translate.*
Sir J. Denham.

for certainly the World would never be so pester'd with Translations, if Men had Wit enough to write any thing of their Own.

Phil. I'm sure the Age is little beholding to you for the Character you have given it: And I can't but wonder that you shou'd be so severe upon this Age, when you know that others have been equally involved in the same Guilt.

The Preface.

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Guilt. Your palate it seems is more nice and delicate than the Romanes in Tully's time, who read with pleasure and delight De Fin: L. 1. tabellas Latinas ad verbum de Græcis expressas, and he instances in the writings of Ennius, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, and others, which were but Translations of Euripides, Menander, & Sophocles; nay even in Augustus his time when Learning flourish'd most amongst them, you will find even Virgil himself ever and anon Translating Homer and Theocritus, nay and borrowing Lines out of Ennius and Lucretius too, that writ in his own Language, And if you can like no English Authors but such as write ingenious things of their own, I fear you won't find many to read: for if you observe but our best Poets, (who don't pretend to Translate, yet) their finest and most delicate Conceptions are none of their own, but meer Translations from

the

Br. fr.
Mena.
Hor. fr.
Alcæu.

the Greeks and Latines, as even themselves Confess in their Prefaces and other Critical Discourses. And you may remember some Eminent Divines in whose writings you have traced Hierocles and others for several Pages together; to say nothing of those of other Professions. And now I wou'd fain know why it is not as commendable to Translate a whole Author, and own it to be his, as to Steal here and there a Fragment, and make his best Notions pass for ones own. Or, supposing such a dulness and barrenness of Thought and Fancy (as you talk of) has possess'd the minds of Men of late, why may not one as well bring to light some ingenious Pieces of the Antients, as lie idle, as you do, and write nothing?

Eum. As if it were not better to be doing nothing, than doing ill; and at least not to obstruct Learning, when one knows not how to advance it. For certainly Translations are the greatest
obstructions

obstructions of Learning imaginable for to what purpose shou'd Men be at the expence of so much time and pains in studying Greek and Latine, when they may read the same Books in their Mother Tongue?

Phil. And do you call this an Obstruction of Learning? I shou'd think now that nothing in the World has a greater tendency to its advancement. Those rich Treasures of Knowledge & Learning among the Antients are no longer now lock'd up in unintelligible Words and All Languages are Barbarous that we don't understand, ἑσονται τῷ λαλῶντι Βαρβαροί καὶ ὁ λαλῶν ἑμοὶ Βαρβαρός. 1. Cor. 14. 11. Barbarous Languages! For this way of Translating.

_____ has to our Country brought
All that they writ, and all they thought.

Mr. Waller.

Men may now familiarly Converse
with the Wits of Greece and Rome,
and

and that without the laborious and ungrateful Toil of Learning Words & Syllables: AURENGEZEBE to his Tutor, Hist. of the Mogul. A Study so longsome and tedious, so dry and insipid, that no ingenious Mind can employ itself therein without some reluctancy and a kind of debase-ment. For,

*Of all Heav'n's Judgments that was sure the
(worst,
When our bald Fathers were at Babel curst:
For, such a Price did that Presumption cost,
That half our Lives in trifling Words are lost.
Po. Miscel. 2d. part.*

*But Translations has in a great mea-
sure remov'd that Curse, and (in a
Sense) once more made the whole
Earth of ONE Language and of
ONE Speech: For now Every Man
may hear Plutarch and Tully, Homer
and Virgil, Theoritus, Horace and
Ovid, and innumerable others, speak-
ing in his own Tongue the wonder-
ful works of God and Nature, the
admirable*

admirable Productions of Wit and Fancy, and what ever else may yield a grateful Satisfaction to noble and ingenious Minds. Nay more than all this, he may hear GOD Himself speaking to him, by his Holy Prophets, by his blessed Apostles, and by his own SON, declaring the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, and those important things that concern his Everlasting Peace and Happiness.

Euna. You do well to add this, for all the rest wou'd signifie very little but only to furnish me with another Argument against your beloved Translations, in whose praises you are so transported. You say Every Man may now read Plutarch and Tully, and the rest in his own Language, and is not this the way to make Learning common, cheap, and contemptible, when every ordinary Mechanick shall be as well acquainted with these Authors as he that has spent 10 or 12 Tears in the Universities? The Wise Egyptians

Egyptians took other measures. They regarded their Learning as Sacred, and communicable to none but their Kings & Priests, and therefore wrapt it up in Symbols and Hieroglyphicks to conceal it from the *HORATI*. Profanum Vulgus. But we have put by the Curtain and exposed all to publick View. Those rich Treasures of Knowledge and Learning are now unlock'd indeed, and scattered abroad among the Rabble; and the mischief on't is, we do but cast Pearls before Swine who will trample them under their Feet, and turn again and rent us: For they have not Capacities to understand 'em so as to value them, but just so much only as to make 'em Conceited and despise all the World as illiterate and ignorant.

Phil. Then it seems you look upon those Mechanics only as meer Animals, not considering that many who understand not Greek and Latine are yet more truly wise than your Learn-
ed

ed Criticks and Gramarians. *Ceb. Tab.* Οὐδὲν γὰρ κωλύει εἶδεναι μὴ χράμματα ἢ κατέχειν τὰ μαθήματα πάντα, ὁμοίως δ' ἄφρονα εἶναι. *A Man may be learned in the Languages and expert in all the Sciences, & yet be as great a Fool as others. And notwithstanding your charge of Conceitedness upon the Vulgar, it may with more Truth and Reason be retorted upon many Schollars. For as Lib. 1. Ess. 24. MONTAIGNE saies, If you do but observe 'em when they are newly come from the Universities, all that you will find they have got is, that their Latine and Greek has only made 'em greater and more conceited Coxcombs than when they went from home. But you are afraid Knowledge and Learning shou'd grow too Common, whereas I use to think that Bonum quò communius eò melius; and I always took it for a Blessing promised (not a Curse threatned.) That the Earth should be filled with Knowledge*

Knowledge, as the Waters cover the Sea: Neither can I apprehend what disadvantage it is to the Sacred Scriptures, that whereas they were once Confin'd to the narrow limits of Judea, they are now dispersed over the Face of the whole Earth. And to think that the Commonness of Learning shou'd render it Contemptible, is very extravagant; since 'tis the want of it only that makes any despise it. I see no reason therefore to debar the Vulgar of that Knowledge which perhaps they wou'd make better use of than we ourselves.

Eum. I am of Your opinion in that Point; for I am not so much against the Translation of useful Practical Authors, as of those Learned Pieces, which I'm sure the Vulgar have neither means nor leisure to understand, let their Capacities be what they will; and I believe my Sentiments are not unally'd to yours in this matter. But yet I have one Objection more against
Translations

Translations in general, which is, That they always come so vastly short of the Original. For to say nothing of the abuse of Translations, when Men pervert and corrupt their Authors, either thro' ignorance or design, to serve an Opinion, or shew their Wit, or the like; but supposing men never so well qualified with Learning and Integrity, yet when they have done what they can, they will present us but with a Shadow and Resemblance of the Original Piece, there will be

— nihil in Imagine vivum, Ovid. nothing of the Life and Spirit of the Author in their Translation: and for ought I know, the Title of Lucian's Ghost might have been as proper and suitable to your Translation, as to those Dialogues of the late Frenchman, which he writ only in Imitation of him; unless you have perform'd it better than any I have yet met with.

Phil. You have at length said something to the purpose, and have

this Objection to be unanswerable; for I have not the vanity to think I have equal'd much less excell'd those that have gone before me in attempts of this nature. But yet if I have but given the Sence of the Author, and rend' red it in some measure pleasing and delightful, I hope it may excite in some Persons a desire of understanding him better in his own Language; which was no small part of my design in this Undertaking. Perhaps you may think Translations are more likely to produce other effects, and that Men will less willingly give themselves the trouble of Studying Greek & Latine, when they may read the same Books in English: But I have known Some who wou'd never have taken the pains to read and understand some Greek Authors, if they had not been first charm'd with the Translation, and at the same time entertain'd a Belief that they must needs be much more Agreeable and Taking in the Original.

Eum.

Eum. I wish with all my Heart this little piece of yours may find many more of that humour. In the mean time I'll take it home (if you please) and peruse it, and see how it looks in English.

Phil. I brought it down for that very purpose; and I the rather put it into your Hands, because I know you are not more Critical in discerning Faults, than able to Correct and amend 'em.



THE

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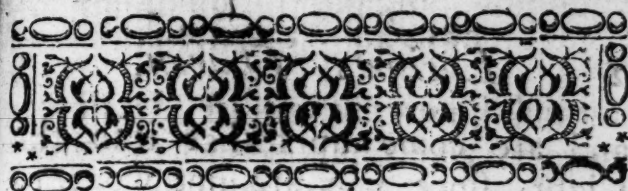
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LUCIAN'S



LUCIAN'S CHARON:

OR, A

Survey of the Follies of Mankind.

(a) *Mercury.* (b) *Charon.*

SECT. I.

Merc. **W**HAT do you laugh
at, *Charon*? and how
is it that you have left your Boat,

(a) *Mercury*] The Son of *Jupiter* and *Maia* the
Messenger of the Gods, and *Charon's* Mate.

(b) *Charon*] The Ferry Man of Hell, who car-
ried the Souls of the Dead over the Rivers *Ache-
ron*, *Stryx*, *Cocytus* and *Phlegethon*, into the Shades
below. He is thus described by *Vergil*, *Æn.* 6.

*Charon the Ferry-Man with an uncouth mein
Frequents those Rivers; on his horrid Chin
A long and griesly Beard; his Eyes do fiercely glare;
And a vile Cloak he do's upon his Shoulders wear.*

Our Author presents him in his Mind as an
ill-natur'd cross grain'd Fellow, yet witty and face-
tious, delighting in mischief, and in nothing else.

and

and are come up hither into the Light, since you are not wont to concern yourself with the affairs of the Living?

Char. I had a great mind, O *Mercury*, to know something of the affairs of Humane Life, and what *Men* are doing in the World; as also what *Enjoyments* Death deprives 'em of, which makes 'em take on so heavily when they come to us; for not a Man of 'em passes without *Tears* and *Lamentations*. Having therefore gain'd leave of (c) *Pluto*, (d) as the *Theffalian Youth* had done before me, to come upon Earth but for one day, I ascended into Light; and I think myself very happy that I have here light upon you: for being a *Stranger*

(c) *Pluto*] The God of Hell.

(d) *is the Theffalian Youth*] *Ulysses*, who descended into *Hides* to Consult with the Prophet *Tiresias* about his Affairs above, and having obtain'd leave to return upon Earth again, he dedicated a Pillar to *Pluto* and *Proserpina* his Wife.

on Earth, I know very well that you will lead me about and shew me every thing, as I am sure if *any Body* can do it you can.

Merc. Indeed I am not at *leisure*, O Ferry-Man, for I am just now going of an *Errand* from (e) *Jupiter* to dispatch a certain business of *importance* to *Mankind*, and he is so apt to be angry, that I am afraid if I shou'd loiter here with you, he wou'd hereafter confine me [as well as you] to the dark infernal Regions; (f) or serve me as he did *Vulcan* lately, and as I am filling Wine to 'em take me by the Foot and pitch me over the *Heavenly Thresholds*, that I may make 'em sport with my *balting*.

(e) *Jupiter*]. The God of Heaven, the Father of *Mercury*, and Chief of all the Gods.

(f) *Or serve me as he did Vulcan lately*]. *Vulcan* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, who for his deformity was thrown down headling out of Heaven by *Jupiter*; he fell upon the Isle *Lemnos*; but was so lamed with his fall that he halted ever after.

Char. And will you take *no notice* of me then, *wand'ring* up and down in this *Strange Country*, *You* that are my *Friend*, my *Mate*, and my *Colleague*? But you might remember that I never desir'd *you* to draw the Pump, or to row an Oar, tho' you are able enough to do Service, but you lie all along snoring in the bottom of the Boat, or if you light by chance of some Talkative *Ghost*, you sit perpetually Chatting with him, whilst I [as Old as I am] row both the Oars by my self. But prithee dear *Mercury*, for Heaven's sake don't leave me, but lead me about and shew me what is to be seen in the World, that I may return a *little wiser* than I came. For, if you forsake me I shall be just like a *Blind Man*: for as he goes doubtfully and at every turn is ready to fall being in the *Dark*, so shall I being *blinded* with the *Light*. But don't deny me this kindness, O *Mercury*, and I shall

shall always remember it, [tho' I know not how to reward it.

Merc. Well! I foresee the Fatal Effects of my good Nature, for we shall both of us be rewarded with a severe *Swinging*; yet chuse it, I'll venture it, for who can have the heart to let a Friend beg so poor a thing as this in vain? But to Travel over all the World [as you talk] and to take a distinct view of every particular thing wou'd be an *Endless Labour*. Such a perambulation wou'd take up a great many *Tears* time, and so I shall have *Hue and Cry* sent after me as a *Fugitive* from *Jupiter*: and besides you can't but neglect your *Business*, and *Pluto's* Kingdom will suffer great damage, if in so many years no Souls be brought into his Dominions, neither can (g) *Aeacus* the Publican chuse but grum-

(g) *Aeacus*] One of the three Judges of Hell. And it shou'd seem by our *Author* that he took the Toll of every one that *Charon* ferryed over.

grumble, if in all that time he (b) receive not one *Half-penny*. Some way therefore must be found out to shew you the most remarkable things, and so as you may take a view of 'em all together.

SECT. II.

Char. You know what is best to be done, *Mercury*: as for me being a meer Stranger upon Earth I'm not acquainted with these things.

Merc. The main thing is to find out some high place that will afford us a large *Prospect*. Now if you had the priveledge of going up into *Heaven*, I need trouble my self no further; for you might see *every thing exactly* from thence as from a high

(b) *Receive not one Half-penny.* Every one was oblig'd to give a Half-penny as the *Fare* for his passage over the *Ferry*, and therefore usually when any one Died, his Friends put a Half-penny into his Mouth for the same purpose.

Watch

Watch Tower. But since you that are always Conversant amongst *Ghosts* and *Shades* cannot be admitted into the *Courts of Jupiter*, 'tis more than time to go and seek out some high Mountain,

Char. Don't you remember, *Mercury*, what I us'd to say to you as we were Sailing? when the wind grew high and beat over whart the Sail, and made the Waves rise, then you, as your *Wit serves you*, bid me furl the Sail, or set my Foot against the Mast, or drive with the Wind; but I bid you sit still [and never trouble your Head about it] for I know best what I have to do. Do you therefore, in like mannner, what you think fit, being as it were the *Pilot*, and I as becomes a *Passenger*, will sit still and be ready to do only what you wou'd have me.

Merc. You say very well, *Charon*, I m not Ignorant what's best to be done, and I'll find out a convenient

C

Hill

Hill for a prospect for us. [Let me see] what if we shou'd chuse (i) *Caucasus*, or rather (k) *Parnassus*, or (l) *Olympus*, that is higher than either of 'em? Now I think on't *Olympus* will do the best of all; but there will need a little of your help and assistance.

Char. Say but what you wou'd ha' me do, and you shall find me ready to Obey you.

(i) *Caucasus*] A Hill in *Asia*, between the *Euxine* and *Caspian* Seas.

(k) *Parnassus*] A Mountain in *Greece*, having two Tops (called *Cirra* and *Nissa*, under which the *Muses* did inhabit.

(l) *Olympus*] A Hill in *Macedonia*.

SECT.

SECT. III.

Merc. The Poet (m) Homer tells us that the two Sons of Aloeus the Giant, being as yet but Boys, were minded to pull up the Mountain (n) Ossa by the Roots, and set it upon Olympus, and then to pile (o) Pelion upon Ossa, supposing by this means a facility of climbing up into

(m) Homer tells us that the two Sons of Aloeus the Giant, &c.] Or rather of Iphimedia, his Wife, by Neptune who ravish'd her. So Hom. *Odys.* II.

Next Aloeus his Wife,
Fair Iphimedia, who to Neptune bare,
Two impious Sons which threat'ned Heaven with
[War.

and a little after comes in this story of their climbing up into Heaven:

These to the Gods, with impious fury driven,
Threat'ned grim War, and to invade their Heaven.
On Ossa they the great Olympus set,
And shadie Pelion next they pile on it,
To which I shall only adde that of *Virg. Georg.* I.
Thrice they essay'd to pile the Mountains up,
Thrice to the Stars they rais'd 'em, but in vain!
As oft the Thund'rer cast them down again.

(n) Ossa] A Mountain in Thessaly.

(o) Pelion] Another Mountain in Thessaly.

Heaven;

Heaven; and tho' those *Youths* being-wicked [and pursuing wicked Intentions] were met with by the *Divine Vengeance*, yet why may not *we* safely and successfully pile one Mountain upon another, since we do it out of no ill Design against the Gods, but only for a more Commodious Prospect?

Char. And do you think, *Mercury*, that *we two* are able to lift either *Pelion* or *Ossa*?

Merc. Why not O *Charon*? What, do you think meanlier of *us*, that are Gods, than of those verminly *Infants*.

Char. No; but the thing itself seems to be Impossible.

Merc. Phoo! that's because you are an *Ignoramus*, and not vers'd in *Poetical History*: But the Excellent *Homer* found it so easie a matter to remove Mountains, that with the repeating of but *two Verses* he has made us a way up into Heaven. Beside, I wonder this shou'd seem so prodigious to you, seeing you know that

that (p) *Atlas* sustains *Heaven* itself and *all us* in it, upon his Shoulders; nay and when a hundred to one but you have heard of (q) my Brother *Hercules* too, how he supplied the place of *Atlas*, and bore the burthen for one day while he rested him self.

Char. I have heard some such things indeed, but whether they be true or no *You* and the *Poets* know best.

Merc. O most certainly true, *Charon*, for to what end shou'd these wise Men tell a *Lye*? Let us therefore heave up *Ossa* in the first place

(p) *Atlas* sustains *Heaven* it self, &c.] A high Mountain in *Africa*, feigned by the *Poets* to have been a Man, as almost all the Mountains and Rivers in the World were. Of which *Virgil* thus *Æn.* 4.

Atlas whose Shoulders do support the Sky,

Whose aged Head is cover'd o'er with Snow;

And down his Chin impetuous Rivers flow.

His frozen Beard with Icicles away'd,

And gloomy Clouds surround his hoary Head.

(q) my Brother *Hercules*] To wit, by the Father's side, he being the Son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmæna*.

[and

[and set it upon *Olympus*] as *Homer* the *Architect* directs us in his Poem.

Then upon *Ossa* shady *Pelion* set.

Do you see now how easily and how *Poetically* we have done it! Let me now get up, and look about me, to see whether this will do, or that we must build higher. — O Strange! we are yet but at the very Foot of Heaven! For Eastward one can hardly discern *Jonia* and *Lydia*, and Westward one can see no farther than *Italy* and *Sicily*, and Northward only to *Istria* and the parts adjacent, and this way one can only see *Crete*, and that not very clearly neither. Therefore we must be fain to heave up (r) *Oeta* too, and then *Parnassus* a top of 'em all.

Char. Come on then! only let us have a care that we don't make our work *Top-heavy*; for if it and we

(r) *Oeta*] A Hill in the Borders of *Thessaly*.

shou'd

shou'd tumble together, we shou'd dearly experiment this *Poetical* way of *Building* with our broken Pates.

Merc. Never fear, *Charon*, but all will be safe enough. Come put on *Oeta*, and then we'll set up *Parnassus*. Now I'll mount again [and look about me] — O it does *rarely* now! I can see all over every where. Come do you get up now too.

Char. Well, give me your Hand then, for 'tis a vast height you make me climb up here.

Merc. Why, if you have a mind to satisfye your *Curiosity*, you must expect to run a little *bazzard*: but take hold of my Hand, and be sure to set your Feet fast that they may not slip. So, so, now all's well, we are both got safe up: and seeing *Parnassus* has two Tops, I'll sit on one of 'em and you on th' other. Now look about every way, and try what you can see.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Char. I see a huge broad *Earth*, and a great *Lake* flowing every where round about it, I see also *Mountains* and *Rivers*, bigger than (*s*) *Cocytus* and *Phlegethon*; and a sort of very little tiny *Men*, together with their little *Nests*.

Merc. Those are *Cities*, *Man*, which you call *Nests*.

Char. Do you see now what a deal of *pains* we ha' taken for just *nothing*? and ha' remov'd *Parnassus* and *Castalia* and *Oeta* and all the rest of the *Mountains* to *no purpose*.

Merc. Why so?

Char. Why, because we are mounted such a *height* above all, that I can see nothing *clearly* and *distinctly*. And my desire was not to see *Cities* only or *Mountains* as one

(*s*) *Cocytus* and *Phlegethon*] Two Rivers in Hell.

may see 'em drawn in *Pictures* and *Maps*, but to see *Men* and what they *Do*, and to *hear* what they *say*; as I did when you first met with me, and seeing me laugh, ask'd me the reason of it: for I'm wonderfully pleas'd with such things.

Merc. What was that?

Char. A certain Man being invited to supper [as I suppose] by one of his Friends, *I'll be with you anon*, says he, *don't doubt it*: and just as he was speaking a Tile falls of o' the House [no body knows how] and *knocks him o'th' Head*. Now I laugh'd to think that the Man cou'd not be as good as his *Word*, [and yet that he was so silly as to make such a positive promise.] But now we must go down again if you wou'd ha' me see or hear any thing to the purpose.

Merc. Sit still! I'll remedy this inconveniency immediately, and with a certain *Charm* I learnt of *Homer*; make you the most *quick sighted* ima-
C
ginable

ginable; and after I shall have pronounc'd those *Verses*, be confident that your Eyes shall no longer be dim, but you will see every thing clearly.

Char. Say then.

Merc. The Film's remov'd which
 (*cover'd once your Eye,*
That Gods and Men you now may well
 (*descry.*

Char. Oh strange!

Merc. What can you see now?

Char. Most wonderfully. (†) *Lynceus* himself is Blind to me, Wou'd you teach me this Charm the first thing you do. But will you hear me repeat some of *Homer's Verses*, that you may know that even I am not altogether ignorant of his Works.

(†) *Lynceus himself is blind to me*] He was the Son of *Aphareus*, and of such a piercing sight that he cou'd see thro' a Stone Wall: he cou'd see into Hell, and what they did there; and cou'd discern Ships 130 Leagues off. (or else the Poets lyed.)

Merc.

Merc. How came you [I wonder] to know any thing of 'em, being a poor ignorant *Ferry-man*.

Char. You Villyfie my calling. But when I Ferryed him over the Lake [at his Death] I heard him repeat abundance of Verses; and some of 'em I remember yet. A great Storm then lay on us; for when he began to sing an unfortunate Song, (*u*) *Neptune* was so provok'd therewith, that he rais'd such a horrible *Tempest* as had like to have overwhelm'd us all. Then he being Sea-sick vomited up a sort of Verses about *Scylla* and *Charybdis* and *Cyclops*.

Merc. Nay then 'tis no wonder if of so much Vomit something was preserved.

(*u*) *Neptune*] The God of the Sea.

Char.

Char. But tell me,
What tall Man's that whose Shoulders
(large and broad
Seem Strong and able for a weighty
(Load?

Merc. 'Tis (w) *Milo the Famous*
Wrestler of Croton. And the Greeks
 applaud him for taking up a Bull,
 and carrying it half a furlong.

Char. But how much more justly
 will they applaud me, O Mercury,
 who shall e'er long carry *Milo him-*
self, as big as he is, into my Boat,
 when he comes to us being over-
 come by that Unconquerable Adver-
 sary *Death*, and shall wonder to see
 himself buckle in th' Hams so?
 Then he will make heavy Com-
 plaints to us, rememb'ring the Gar-

(w) *Milo the Famous Wrestler of Croton*] A
 huge strong Man that dwelt at Croton a City in
 Greece, who, at the Olympick Games, wou'd
 carry an Ox half a Furlong, and Kill a Bull
 with his Fist, and Eat him when he had done.
 He won the Prize Six times in the Olympick
 Games, and as oft in the Pythian.

lands

lands and Applauses he has had. Now he's mightily Conceited of himself, because of his Strength in carrying a Bull, but does he not expect to Dye sometime?

Merc. Do you think that he has any thoughts of *Death* while he is in this *Strength* and *Vigour*?

Char. Let him alone, *Mercury*, he'll make us very merry e're long when he comes to us, and won't then be able to bear a *Fly*, much less to carry an *Ox*.

SECT. V.

But who is that other fine Gentleman? tho' no *Grecian*, as I conjecture by his Habit?

Merc. 'Tis *Cyrus* the Son of *Cambyses*, who Translated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*: 'Tis he that lately vanquish'd the *Assyrians*, and besieg'd *Babylon*; and is

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now preparing to carry his Army into *Lydia*, making account that having subdued *Cræsus*, he may command the Universe.

Char. But where is that *Cræsus*?

Merc. Look that way, and you will see a great Tower fenced with three Walls; There is *Sardis*: And don't you see *Cræsus* sitting on a Golden Bed, talking with *Solon* the *Athenian*? Shall we listen, and hear what they are talking on?

Char. Aye, with all my Heart, *Mercury*.

Cræf. Tell me, O *Athenian Stranger*, now you have seen all my Wealth & Riches, as well my vast Treasures as all my unwrought Gold, and other magnificence, who it is of all Mankind that you account the most happy.

Char. What will *Solon* say, I wonder.

Merc. Don't doubt, *Charon*, but he knows what to answer.

Sol.

Sol. *The Happy, O Croesus, are very few; but of those that I have known (x) Cleobis and Biton the Sons of the Priestess, I esteem the most happy.*

Char. He means the Sons of the *Argive* Priestess, who after they had drawn their Mother in her Chariot to the Temple, died suddenly.

(x) *Cleobis and Biton*] The Mother of these two young Men was the Priestess of *Juno*, and the time being come that she was to go up to perform the Rites of the Goddess, the Mules that were to draw her Chariot were not brought timely enough: but these young Men stripping off their Garments, anointed their Bodies with Oyl, and putting themselves into the Traces, drew their Mother in her Chariot to the Temple. She being extremely taken with the Piety of her Sons, petition'd the Goddess that she wou'd bestow upon them a Reward of their Piety the greatest that cou'd be given to Men. The young Men having Sup'd with their Mother in the Temple, went to Sleep & were found Dead in the Morning. This Story, with others of the like nature, is produc'd by *Plutarch* and *Tully*, as a proof of the Soul's Immortality, and of the Happiness of a future State to the Virtuous.

Croes.

Cræf. Well, grant them to hold the first Rank of Felicity, but who then may challenge the second?

Sol. (y) Tellus the Athenian, who having led a Virtuous Life, gave it up for the good of his Country.

Cræf. And what, you Villian, don't you think me happy.

Sol. I know not yet, O Cræsus, neither can I tell (z) untill your Life be finished: for Death is the surest Judge of this matter, and a Life that continues prosperous to the very last.

(y) Tellus the Athenian] A certain poor Athenian, that willingly took upon him an exploit, wherein he cou'd not avoid present Death.

(z) Untill your Life be finished] So Ovid. Met. 1. L. 3.

— None ought to be Accounted Happy, till his Breath be gone, His Glass be out, and his last Sand be run.

And before him, Eurip. Troad.

— There's none can say, A Man is happy till his Dying day.

The meaning of all this is, that that only deserves to be accounted Happiness which is durable and lasting, which none can rob us of, but will accompany us into another World.

Char.

Char. You discover the prodigious Folly of Men, that are so besotted with a thing so *pale* and so *heavy*.

Merc. But *Solen* yonder seems not to admire it, as you see, for he laughs at *Cræsus*, and derides (b) the Vain-Glory of the *Barbarian*. And he seems to have a mind to ask him something; let's hearken.

S E C T. VII.

Sol. But tell me O *Cræsus*, do you think *Apollo* has any need of those *Golden Ingots*?

Cræf. Yes, for I'm sure he has no such Offerings at *Delphos*.

Sol. Do you think then the God will be happy, if amongst other things he possess your *Golden Wedges*?

Cræf. Why not?

(b) The Vain-Glory of the Barbarian] i. e. of *Cræsus*, for the Greeks accounted all Barbarians, but themselves.

26 *Lucian's Charon.*

Sol. You wou'd make one believe, O Cræsus, there is a great Poverty in Heaven, when if the Gods shall desire any Gold, they must have it brought to them out of Lydia.

Cræf. Why, (c) where is there so much to be found as here with us?

Sol. Let me ask you this one Question more: Have you any Iron growing in Lydia?

Cræf. No, none at all.

Sol. Then you are destitute of the more useful metall.

Cræf. What is Iron better than Gold?

Sol. If you will bear me without Passion, you may know.

Cræf. Say then, O Solon.

Sol. Which do you think the better, those things that will preserve and

(c' Where is there so much Gold ——— as with us) This Cræsus was the Richest Man then Living, so that the Wealth of Cræsus became a Proverb.

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defend us, or those that must be watch'd and defended themselves?

Croes. Surely, those that keep and preserve us.

Sol. If therefore Cyrus shou'd invade Lydia, as some discourse, wou'd you make Golden Swords for your Soldiers, or wou'd not those of Iron be more useful?

Croes. Yes, for a certain.

Sol. Ay, and if you do not provide Store of that, you and all your Gold may be led Captive by the Persians.

Croes. Good words, I pray.

Sol. Nay the Gods forbid that this shou'd ever come to pass! But you seem however to acknowledge that Iron is the better Mettall.

Croes. Wou'd you therefore have me recall those Golden Wedges, and send Iron ones in their stead?

Sol. He has as little need of one as the other; but whether you dedicate Iron or Brass or Gold, you do but expose it as a Prey; either to the

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Phocians.

Phocians or Boeotians, or the Delphians themselves, or to some other imperious Robber; for Apollo cares little for your Golden Offerings.

Cræf. You are always envying and disparaging my *Wealth and Riches*.

SECT. VIII.

Merc. This delicate *Lydian*, O *Charon*, can't bear this *Truth* and *plain-dealing*: for it seems strange to him that such a poor contemptible fellow shou'd talk so freely to a *Prince* things so unpleasing and ungrateful. But (d) e'er long he'll remember *Solon's Words*, when he is

(d) *E'er long he'll remember Solon*] So he did when he was taken Prisoner by *Cyrus*; for, being ascended the Funeral Pile and just ready to be Burned, he cry'd out, O *Solon, Solon, Solon!* *Cyrus* ask'd why he called on *Solon*? Whereupon he told him what *Solon* had said to him, *That no Man can be said to be Happy till his Death.* *Cyrus* considering it might be his own Case, sav'd him alive, and us'd him as a Friend and a Companion.

taken

taken Captive by *Cyrus*, and constrain'd to ascend the Funeral Pile. For a while ago I heard (e) *Clorho* reading the *Fates* of each *Mortal*, among which these thing were written; *That Cræsus be taken Captive by Cyrus, and that Cyrus himself be slain by that Scythian Woman*. Don't you see that *Scythian Woman* there riding on a *White Horse*?

Char. Yes, yes, I see her.

Mere. That's *Tomyris* who having cut off the Head of *Cyrus* with her own Hand, (f) cast it into a Bowl full of Blood. But do you see also that young Man? That is his Son *Cambyfes*, who shall Reign after his Father, and having overthrown Mul-

(e) *Clorho*] One of the *Destinies*.

(f) Cast it into a Bowl full of Blood] With this reproachful Saying, *Here take thy fill of Blood, which thou hast so thirsted after.*

titudes in *Libia* and *Ethiopia*, he shall Dye mad after he has Kill'd (g) *Apis*.

Char. This is mighty pleasant! But who now wou'd so much as look at these Fellows that value themselves so much above others? And who cou'd imagine that *This* shou'd e're long be taken Captive, or that the *Other* shou'd have his *Head* swimming in a *Bowl full of Blood*.

(g) *Apis*] A Bull, worshipped by the *Egyptians*. When one Died they made great Lamentations till after long search they had found another like him, which they brought with great Joy into the City *Memphis*, and having placed him in the Temple, the whole City feasted 7 Days. They were observing this Festival when *Cambyfes* return'd from two unfortunate Expeditions, to *Memphis*: and thinking their Joy proceeded from his Losses and Misfortunes, he Kill'd the Magistrates, caused the Priests to be whipped, and wounded *Apis* to Death. After which our *Author* says he died Mad, but others say, That as he was taking Horse his Sword fell out of the Scabbard and wounded him in the Thigh, [where he had wounded *Apis*] of which he Died.

But

But who is he, *Mercury*, that's
cloath'd in Purple, with a Crown on
his Head, and a Cook having open'd
a Fish gives him a Ring,

*He that's surrounded with the neigh-
(b'ring Sea;
And thinks himself no petty King to be.*

Merc. Well said, *Charon!* Why,
that is (b) *Polycrates* the Tyrant of
Samos, who thinks himself compleat-
ly *Happy*, but for all that 'twill be
his Fortune to be *Hang'd* after a

(b) *Polycrates* — who thinks himself complat-
ly *Happy*) He Flourished so in Wealth and Feli-
city, that he never had any *misfortune*: But that
it might be said he had once in his Life a mis-
chance, he threw into the Sea a *Diamond Ring*
which he highly prized. The day after his Cook
happen'd to buy the same Fish which had swal-
lowed the *Ring*, which he found and restored to
him. Whereupon *Amasis* King of *Egypt* suspect-
ing some great mischance always to attend such
great Fortunes, wou'd no longer be in League
with him, and soon after he was taken by *Orates*
[or rather *Orontes*] the *Persian* Lord, and Hang-
ed; being another Instance of the truth of *Solon's*
assertion.

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while

while, being betray'd by his Servant *Meandrius* to *Orætus* the *Persian* Lord; and then he will be the more miserable by falling so suddenly from so great Felicity. This I also learnt of *Glotho*.

Char. Well done, *Glotho*! E'en let *them* all be Hang'd too, that they may know they are but *Men*, and that they are rais'd on purpose that their fall may be greater and more grievous. And they will make us rare sport when they come Naked into my *Boat*, and can bring neither their *Purple* nor their *Tiaras* nor *Golden Beds* along with them.

SECT. IX.

Merc. Such will be the Fortune of those Men. But do you see that vast Multitude there, who are some of 'em *Sailing*, others *Warring*, others *Pleading* at the Bar, others *Tilling* the

the Ground, others borrowing and taking Money lent to *Usury*, and others *Begging*?

Char. I see a mixt Company of Men, and a Life full of trouble and vexation. I see also their Cities which are like *Hives of Bees*, and that every one of 'em has his *peculiar Sting* wherewith he vexes and torments his Neighbour; and some of 'em like *Wasps* [do nothing] but infest and molest the weaker animals. But what vast Crowd is that which *Swarms* about 'em, and seems perpetually to be tormenting them at unawares.

Merc. Those are *Hopes* and *Fears* and *Follies* and *Pleasures*, O *Charon*, *Covetousness*, *Anger*, *Hatred*, and such like. In the lowest Rank of these *Ignorance* mingles herself; and *Hatred*, *Wrath*, *Emulation*, *Unskilfulness*, *Irresolution*, and *Avarice* are in the same Company. Moreover those *Hopes* and *Fears* which you see flying

flying over their Heads, these often light upon them, and sometimes strike them with Horror, and make 'em quake and tremble; but *the other*, tho' they be always hovering over them, yet when any one thinks most assuredly to reach 'em, they fly away and are vanish'd presently, leaving them gaping after 'em, just as you see (i) *Tantalus* tormented in Hell, being in like manner miserably deluded by the Water. And if you look wisely

(i) *Tantalus*] The Son of *Jupiter* and the Nymph *Plota*. He being to entertain some of the Gods, and having a mind to make trial of their Divinity, he killed and dressed his Son *Peleus*, and served him up at the Feast: which the Gods having discover'd, and abhorring the fact, they inflicted this Punishment on him which our *Author* mentions, and is thus described by *Homer*, *Odys.* II.

Here *Tantalus* I saw
Standing in Water to the very Chin,
Without the pow'r to put his Lips therein.
As oft as he provok'd with Thirst, does bend
His parched Head, so oft does it descend:
And when he thus has courted it in vain,
It rises up to tempt his Longing Lips again.

you

you will see (*k*) the *Destinies* above spinning out certain small *Threads* from the Distaff to each particular Man, upon which he hangs and depends. Don't you see as it were certain Copweb *Threads* hanging down from the Spindles to every one?

Char. I see a very fine slender thread spun out to each Man, this to him, and that to another.

Merc. You are in the right on't *Charon*; for *this* Man's fate depends upon *this* thing, and *that* Man's upon another thing. And this Man shall be the Heir of him who hangs by a *smaller Thread*, and so likewise some other shall succeed him. And that's the meaning of the *Destinies*.

(*k*) *The Destinies*] There were Three of 'em, *Clotbo*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*; which are said to spin the thread of Mens lives. Of these each had a several Office: *Clotbo* holds the Distaff, *Lachesis* draws out the Thread, and *Atropos* cuts the thread, and then Man's life is at an end.

spinning

spinning out these Threds to each Man. And as you see every one hanging by a slender Thred; so you must know that *this* Man being lift up a great *height* above the rest, he is very proud and haughty, but after a little while the thred being no longer able to bear so great a weight, it breaks, and down he comes with *a huge lumber*: whereas *another* who was drawn up but a little way from the Earth, tho' he also fall, yet 'twill be *without a noise*, so as his Neighbours will scarce hear of it.

Char. These things are wonderfully rediculous!

SECT. X.

Merc. Nay alas, *Charon*, you can't find words fitly to express the Ridiculousness of these Men, and of the things they are most *solicitous* and *concern'd* about; and [especially if
you

you considered] how oftentimes when they are big with hopes of affecting their designs, they are presently snatch'd away by (l) kind *Death*, and both they and their hopes perish. And tho' the Messengers and Servants of *Death* [as you see] are very many, viz. *Agues, Fevers, Consumptions, Inflammations of the Lungs, &c.* as also the *Sword* and *Poyson, Robbers, Officers of Justice, and Tyrants*, yet those things never enter into their thoughts so long as their Designs prosper; but if once they be cross'd in them, and their hopes deceive them, then you shall hear nothing from 'em but *Ah me!* and *Alas!* and *What shall I do!* Whereas if they did but Consider at first that they themselves are *Mortal*, and that after they

(l) *Kind Death*] i. e. Kind to Charon, as helping him to Passengers; he does not mean kind to those whom he snatches away from their un-enjoy'd possessions.

have

have liv'd as *Strangers* in the World a little while, they must pass away as it were out of a *Dream*, leaving all Earthly things behind them, certainly they wou'd *Live* with more prudence and circumspection, and *Die* with less trouble and disturbance. But now hoping *always* to possess their present Enjoyments, when *Death* by his Servants calls them away, and they are taken with a *Fever* or *Consumption*, they *think much* and are *angry*, as being a thing they never *look'd for*. But what wou'd that Man do who is building a House and is very earnest upon't, and hastens his Workmen, if he knew, [not only] that it will *one day come to ruin*, but that he when he has just finished it, shou'd *Die*, and leave it to his Heir to posses and enjoy, whereas *he himself* [poor Creature] shou'd never so much as *once Sup* in it? And he that rejoyces because his Wife has born him a Son, and therefore feasts his
his

his Neighbours and calls his Boy by his *own Name*, if he certainly foresaw that the Lad wou'd Dye at *Seven Years old*, do you think he wou'd be so over-joy'd at his Birth? But here is his Folly, in that he takes notice of him who has a *Fortunate Son*, and is the Father of a *Famous VVrestler* (m) or of one that has won the *Prize*

(m) Or of one that has won the Olympick Games.] These Games were perform'd every 4th Year in the Fields adjoining to the City *Olympia* in *Greece*; where Running, Wrestling, Hurling, Pitching; Horse-races, Chariot-races, and all manner of Exercises were perform'd by Persons which resort-ed thither from all parts of *Greece*. The Victors at those Games were publicly proclaim'd and Crowned, and at their return, receiv'd in Try-umph into their Respective Cities, where all their life-time after they enjoy'd exceeding great Immunities. *Cicero* in his *Tuscul Qu. 1.* Tells of one *Diagoras a Rhodian*, who saw two of his Sons in one day win the Prize in these Games; and that thereupon a certain *Lacedemonian* came to the Old Man, and gave him Joy in this manner, Dye O *Diagoras*, for you must not think to mount up to Heaven and be Immortal. Meaning, that if he liv'd long he might meet with many Crosses and without he cou'd never expect greater Felicity.

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in the *Olympick Games*; but he never minds his *Neighbour* who is carrying out his little Son to his *Funeral*; neither does he consider by what a *slender thred* the Life of his own Son hangs. You see also what a Company there is of those that contend about their bounds and limits, and how they heap up a world of Riches, but before they can enjoy them they are call'd away by those Messengers and Servants I told you of.

Char. I see all these things, and I am thinking with my self what there shou'd be in Life that is so *sweet and pleasant* to 'em, or what there can be the loss of which deserves to be *Lamented*.

SECT. XI.

Merc. Nay and if any one shou'd but seriously contemplate even their
Kings

Kings and Princes, who seem to be the happiest of all Men, and to be plac'd as it were out of the *Reach of Fortune*, he will find their troubles infinitely to exceed their Pleasures: So many *Fears and Disquiets*, so many *Treasons and Conspiracies*, so many *Indignities and Flatteries* are they involv'd in! To say nothing of their *Indispositions of Body*, and *Anxieties of Mind*, and all their unruly *Passions*; which are common to them with the meanest of their Subjects: so that it wou'd require as much time to recount their *Miseries and Calamities*, as those of *Private Men*.

Char. I'll tell you, *Mercury*, what I think Men are like, and their whole Life in this World. Have you never seen those *Bubbles* in the Water, when it spouts out of a rising Spring? I mean those flatulent Tumours of which the Froth is made, some of those are very *small* ones, and therefore are presently broken & dissolved; others

others continue longer, having gathered others to 'em, and swell into a vast bigness: but at length these also are dissolved and come to nothing as well as the other: neither can it be otherwise. And such is the life of Man, every one is swell'd and puffed up with a little Breath, but some more, some less; and those that swell the highest continue but a little while and others of 'em *cease* to be e'er they do well *exist*. But however sooner or later they *must needs* all *perish*.

Merc. You have shown no less *Ingenuity*, O *Charon*, in this Similitude than *Homer* himself when he compar'd Mankind to the *Leaves of Trees*.

SECT. XII.

Char. But tho' they be such poor frail Creatures, yet you see how *busy* they are and how eagerly they *contend*

contend with one another for Empire and Dominion, for Honour and Riches, when alas! they must leave all these things behind 'em, and come to us with only one poor Half-penny. Therefore seeing we are now seated thus on high, what do you say if I shou'd cry aloud to 'em and perswade 'em to desist from all their vain and foolish Enterprizes, and so to Live as having Death continually before their Eyes? Saying to 'em, O foolish People! Why do you so busie yourselves about these Trifles? Cease your vain Labours; for you must not think to live here for ever. None of those things you so highly prize are Eternal, neither can you carry any of 'em along with you when you Die: But you must depart Naked from hence, and leave your House and Land and Gold to others; for these things are always changing their Masters. This and much more wou'd I cry unto them, if I thought I cou'd be heard; and

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don't

don't you think it wou'd do a deal of good in making them reform their Lives and become much Wiser?

Merc. Oh good *Charon*! thou knowest not how they are possess'd with Ignorance and Error, so that thou canst not open their Ears even with an Awger, they are so stop'd with wax, no less than the Ears of *Ulysses* his Companions were, lest they shou'd (n) hearken to the Song of the *Sirens*. And beside how is it

(n) *Hearken to the Song of the Sirens*] These were three Sea Monsters and their names were *Tanthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Lenusia*, the Daughters of *Abelous* and *Calliope* they Sung so sweetly that the Sea-faring Men wou'd listen to 'em as they Sailed by, who they wou'd charm into a fast sleep and then drown 'em and devour 'em.

Of these *Orpheus* in *Argonaut* thus sings.

*The Sirens here their Charming Voices raise,
And ravish those that plow the foaming Seas.*

And they were so cunning as to adapt their Songs to the humour and Inclination of their Auditors: to the Amorous they wou'd sing love songs, to the Ambitious Panegyricks of their Heorick Actions, &c. And thus they accosted *Ulysses*, as *Hom.* tells us *Odyss*, 12. * * *

possible

possible they shou'd hear you, tho' you shou'd rive your very Throat with calling to 'em? For *Ignorance* has the same effects upon Men here, as the River (o) *Lethe* has with you: But yet there are *some few* amongst

* * Turn hither thou of great repute among The Greek, and listen to our pleasing Song
None here have Sail'd but heard our Melodie,
And blest the fates that sent 'em on the Sea;
Ravish't they staid [and long they wish't to stay]
And still more Wise and Knowing Sail'd away.

But for all this *Ulysses* was Wiser than to hearken to 'em, and to avoid their Enchantments, caus'd himself to be bound to the Ship Mast, and his Men to stop their Ears with Wax, that they might not hear 'em.

(o) *Lethe*] A River in Hell, which whosoever drank of, it made them forget all that was past. They had a notion, that when the Souls had wand're'd a thousand years in the *Elysian* fields, enjoying all manner of Bliss and Happiness, they were to come into Bodies, and live on Earth again: But becau'e so long as they rememb're'd either the Miseries and Calamities they were expo'd to and underwent on Earth; or the Joys and Pleasures they possess in the *Elysian* Shades, they wou'd never be willing to return into this miserable world, or if they did, they would dispatch themselves out of it as soon as they. †††

'em that have not this wax in their Ears, but are a little inclin'd to Truth and have some Knowledge of the true Nature of these Earthly things.

Char. Shall I call to them then?

Merc. 'Tis needless to tell 'em what they know already. You see how they withdraw and seperate themselves from the many, how they laugh at their Follies, and can by

+++ cou'd; Therefore when they came to drink of the River as they pass by, they lost all Sense and Remembrance of past Happiness and Misery, and being born did begin the world anew, as if they first entred into Being. For so *Virg.*

Æn. 6.

*Mean while Æneas as he musing stood,
In a dark valley, saw a shady Wood:
The trembling leaves with e'ery blast did shake,
And near it Lethe's soporiferous Lake.
Whose Waters by the happy Mansions glide,
And Multitudes of People swarming by its side.*

which Æneas desiring to know the meaning of, *Anchises* [his Father] tells him, that

*These when a Thousand rowling Years are past,
To Lethe they in numerous Troops do hast,
Unmindful then of Pleasure and of Pain,
They wish to see and dwell upon the Earth again.*

no means take any delight in their Company, but seem to be desirous to *leave* the World and *come to us*. For indeed they are generally *hated* because they convince Men of their *Folly* and *Ignorance* and reprove 'em for it.

Char. Well done, O you Generous Souls! yet Alas! *Mercury*, they are but a very few.

Merc. 'Tis well there are any. But now let us go down again.

SECT. XIII.

Char. There is yet *one thing* more I wou'd fain learn, which when you have shown me, you will have given me perfect instruction in all things: I have a great mind to see where they put their *Dead Bodies* when they dig into the Earth so.

Merc. You mean their *Monuments* *Tombs* and *Sepulchres*. Don't you see

see those Tombs without their Cities there, those *Pillars* and *Pyramids*? All those are the Receptacles and Prisons of the Dead.

Char. But why do they Crown these Stones then, and Anoint 'em? And some I see having made a great *Pile* and a *Trench* before the Tomb, they make a sumptuous Feast which they burn in the Fire, and pour Wine and Mead [as I conjecture] into the *Trench*.

Mert. Indeed, *Charon*, I don't know what these things *signify* to the *Dea l.* But they have an Opinion that the *Souls* do return from the Shades below for to *Sup* after a sort by flying about the *smoak* and *steam* of the Meat, and to *drink* Wine and Mead out of the Trenches.

Char. What *those* eat and drink that have such *dry Scalpes*! But this is an impertinent Question to ask you, who daily bring 'em to my Boat, and you know very well that when they

they have once left the Earth and are possess'd of their new infernal Habitations, there is *no returning*. But the silliest thing of all is for them to fancy that I, who shall have so much business on my Hands, must not only Ferry them over the Lake, but bring 'em *back again too*, whenever they have a mind to drink. O Fools! what a madness is this! But you know not [alas] what a vast distance the *Dead* are remov'd from the Confines of the *Living*, neither do you consider the *State and Condition* of those *with us*; where those are.

*As surely Dead, which Stately Monuments have,
As they t' whom Fortune has deny'd a Grave.
Wet (p) Agamemnon and poor (q) Irus show
The same respect and reverence below.*

(p) *Agamemnon*] The General of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

(q) *Irus*] A poor beggarly Fellow of Ithaca, slave to the wooers of *Tenelope*, He was poor to a Proverb.

Deform'd

Deform'd (r) Therfites and fair (s) Thetis's Son
 Are there alike ; both ghastly Looks put on.
 All borrow'd Glory there aside is laid ;
 Naked they wander thro' the gloomy Shade.

Merc. What a deal of Poetry you have learnt of *Homer* ! But now you have put me in mind on't, I'll shew you *Achilles* his Sepulcher. Do you see that which is hard by the Sea in the *Trojan Promontory Sigæum* ? and overagainst it, is the *Promontory Rhætæum* where is the Sepulcher of (t) *Ajax*.

(r) *Therfites*] A Grecian Captain in the *Trojan Wars*, an ugly Fellow, he is thus describ'd by *Homer*, *Iliad*. 1.

Lame of his Feet and Goggle Eye'd,
 His Shoulders hanging o'er his Breast :
 His Head was sharp and steeply crown'd
 With here and there a Hair on it.

(s) *Thetis Son*] *Achilles* one of the Grecian Commanders, his Mother *Thetis* was the Daughter of *Nereus* and the wife of *Peleus* and was accounted a Sea Goddess.

(t) *Ajax*] The Son of *Pelamon* and *Hesione*, another Grecian Commander.

S E C T. XIV.

Char. These Tombs and Monuments are poor things! But shew me those famous *Cities* of which such great things are told us below; *viz.* *Ninive* and *Babylon*, (u) *Mycena* and *Cleone*, and especially *Troy*; for I remember a great many came to our Ferry from thence, so that (w) my Boat never cool'd for Ten Years together.

Merc. As for *Ninive*, 'tis now so utterly ruin'd, as there is not the least sign of it remaining; neither can one tell the place where it stood. But yonder is *Babylon* which you see Fortified with Towers and Bulwarks and fenced with a prodigious Wall;

(u) *Mycena* and *Cleone*] Two Famous Cities of Greece, but long since Ruin'd.

(w) *My Boat never cool'd for Ten Years together*] *Troy* was Besieged Ten Years by the Greeks, and at last by Subtilty and Treachery was taken and destroy'd.

E

tho

tho' after a while there will be as little of it to be seen as there is now of *Niniue*. And as for *Mycena* and *Cleone*, I am really *asham'd* to show you 'em, and especially *Troy*: for I know that when you return, you will be ready to Hang *Homer* for singing such magnifick things of 'em. Yet these were once very glorious, but now they are perished and *Dead*: for even *Cities Dye*, O *Charon*, as well as *Men*; and [which is yet more wonderful] *Rivers* too; for there is no footsteps left of the *River Inachys* in *Argos*.

Merc. Ah *Homer*! [what extravagant Praises and lofty Names have you given these Cities!

Great Troy with spacious Walls,
and Stately Cleone.

SECT. XV.

But while we are talking here, who are those that are *Fighting* yonder, and what do they Kill one another for?

Merc.

Merc. Those are the *Argives* and *Spartans*, O *Charon*, and there you see (x) *Otryades* their Dying General, writing his Trophy with his own Blood.

Char. But *what* do they fight for?

Merc. For that very *Field* which they fight in.

Char. O the Folly of Men, that don't consider that tho' any one of 'em shou'd possess all *Greece*, yet when he comes to us, there will scarcely the space of *one Foot* be allotted him by *Æacus*. And others wou'd have Tilled this Ground after another

(x) *Otryades their Dying General*] A *Spartan* there was a Controversie between the *Spartans* and *Argives* about Certain lands: They agreed that 300 Men on both sides shou'd try the matter by Combat, and the land shou'd go to that part that had the Victory: all the *Spartans* were Slain but *Otryades*, and of the *Argives* but two left and those two ran away: He for shame that his Men were all Slain, wou'd not return home, but writing on his Target *VICI*, I have overcome, he Slew himself.

manner,

manner, with *Plough, Harrow, and Swords.*

Merc. These things will be *Chiron*; but now let us descend, and when we have set the Mountains in their places again, go about our business: I to the place where I was sent, and you to your Boat: and I'll be with you presently, and bring a whole drove of Souls along with me.

Char. You have done me a great Kindness, *Mercury*, by assisting me in this peregrination, which I shall ever gratefully acknowledge. Oh the prodigious Follies of wretched Mortals! They are solicitous for *Crowns and Scepters, Wedges of Gold, pompous Sacrifices, Success and Victory*; but they never think of *Chiron*.

F I N I S.



